

The most lamentable Tragedie

And kneele sweete boy, the Romaine Hectors hope,
And sweare with me, as with the wofull feere,
And father of that chaste dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute by good aduise
Mortall reuenge vpon these trayterous Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproch.

Titus. Tis sure enough, and you knew how,
But if you hunt these Beare whelpes then beware,
The Dam will wake, and if she winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deepely still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back.
And when he sleepes will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let it alone,
And come I will goe get a leafe of brasse,
And with a gad of Steele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde,
Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And wheres your lesson then, boy what say you?

Puer I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. I thats my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull country done the like.

Puer. And Vnckle so will I, and if I liue.

Titus. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empreffe sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thoult do thy message, wilt thou not?

Puer. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandfier?

Titus. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lavinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court.

of Titus Andronicus

Imarry will we sir, and weele be w

Marc. O heauens! can you hear
And not relent, or not compassion h
Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more scars offorrow in h
Then foc-mens marks vpon his ba
But yet so iust, that he will not reue
Reuenge the heauens for old *Andro*

*Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius a
dore young Lucius and another
weapons, and verses writ*

Chiron. *Demetrius* heeres the son
He hath some message to deliuer vs

Aron. I somemad message from h

Puer. My Lords, with all the hur
I greeete your honours from *Andro*
And pray the Romane Gods confo

Deme. Gramercie lovely *Lucius*

Puer. That you are both decipher
For villaines markt with rape. Ma
My Grandfier well aduise hath se
The goodliest weapons of his Arm

To gratifie your honourable yout
The hepe of Rome, for so he bad n
And so I do, and with his gifts pref
Your Lordships, when euer you ha
You may be armed and appointed w
And so I leaue you both: like bloo

Deme. What's heere: a scrole, a
Let's see,

Integer vita scelerisque purus, non ego

Chiron. O tis a verse in *Horace*, I